

JERSEY BEAT

aug. - sept.

Vol. 2 No 3
Issue 10

HARDCORE Takes Over!



TMA

● Genocide



● Ward 8

Dirt Comp II ●

● THE SMITHEREENS

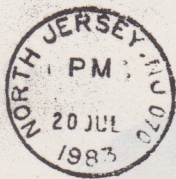
NJ Shore & Reggae ●

● New 45's

SOUL ATTACK!

FREE





JERSEY BEAT
418 GREGORY Ave
Weehawken NJ
07087

Vol. 2 No 3

Issue 10

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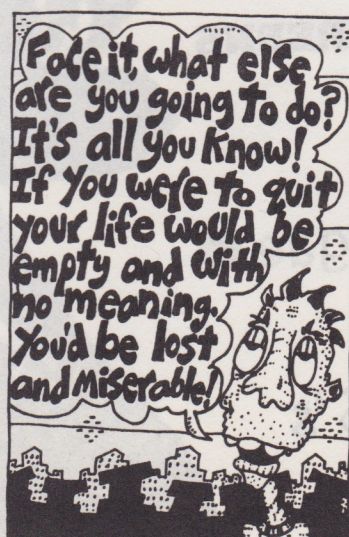
THANKS & A GREAT BIG KISS

TO

EVERYBODY WHO SENT A
DOLLAR (OR A CHECK FOR MORE)
AND ALL THE ADVERTISERS
PAST & PRESENT (AND FUTURE,
WE HOPE)...MOD FUN, CHRIS
MOFFA, FLAMIN" GROOVIES,
VINTAGE VINYL, MAXWELL'S,
REBEL ROUSER...WHO'D WE
FORGET...BUY INDIE RECORDS!

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Pleasures of Hating



© J CRAWFORD



Big
Noise

A sunny weekend at last: I shoulda been a good critic and given these 45's a spin before I decided to turn into a rock lobster. Let me crank up these tracks and see if they make me forget this sunburn.

Big Noise - "College Student"/"(Do The) El Coyote Dip"
Black Sheep Records, 12 St. John St., Red Hook, NY 12571

This first offering is a novelty record from Red Hook, NY (wherever that is). (It's part of the Hudson Valley rockscene; don't you read the Aquarian? - Ed.) "College Student" is an all-around catchy tune punctuated by a punchy brass riff. The "Wipe Out"-style drum solo gives it a sorta '60's appeal. The cute "El Coyote Dip" features cheery horns and brings back memories of '60's throwaway flip sides. All in all, this is a worthwhile record that has potential to become an instant WNEW Prisoner Of Rock.

The Privates - "I Must Be Crazy"/"I Need Your Love"
Signus Records, P.O. Box 7303, North Bergen, NJ 07047

I can see by the accompanying literature that this hard-working band has earned the praise of at least two big-time publications. It sure sounds like a hit to me, a fair representation of early "new wave" - Tuff Darts style. I guess you could call it hard rock that tries. Both sides, especially "I Need Your Love," should appeal to fans of the Jitterz. (Both of them. - Ed.) Pretty funny picture sleeve!

The Legendary Earthlings - "Get Out of Harm's Way"/"Gone Cat Gone"/"You Never Leave"
Boswell Records, Box 50, 525 Bergen Avenue, Jersey City, NJ

Yes, the Legendary Earthlings have landed. This band stars Vic Harrison, Jack Bashwiner, Jim Robinson, Steve Rowe, Randy Zweiban, and the Legendary Donna Fiduccia of WNEW Shadow Traffic fame. This 45 has a pretty pic sleeve and a great piece of vinyl inside, although the two really don't match: the sleeve drawing is sci-fi and the music is rooted in rockabilly and '40's swing. "Gone Cat Gone" is my pick to click, although all three tracks are "gone, man." My only complaint lies in the weak vocals. Let's hear Donna do some singing (or at least her Donna Duck voice) because as much as I admire the concept of an orchestrated rockabilly band (french horn, flute, etc.) Fiduccia's flute/piccolo sounds out of place (when you can hear it at all). That flute would sound outasite with one of the many new psychedelic bands around.

We're still waiting for this year's Bruce clone, and nobody responded to our request for an incredible simulation of the Seeds. Get your bleacher seats for R.E.M. at Shea and send any independently released 45's or e.p.'s you'd like reviewed in these pages to Pattie K., c/o Jersey Beat, 418 Gregory Avenue, Weehawken, NJ 07087. Ta ta till next time.

pop world

Hot Stuff

by Patty K





TMA

Cathy Miller Photo

HARDCORE(?) Takes Over!

by Jim Testa

HARDCORE TAKES OVER/DIRT COMPILATION # 2

Dirt Records/10 Orange St.

Bloomfield, NJ 07003

Even though "Hardcore Takes Over," the 2nd compilation lp released by John (Dirt Club) Schroder's Dirt label, doesn't even begin to provide a representative sampling of Jersey's hardcore scene, this is still - by any standards, and especially judged against other compilations like "This Is Boston, Not LA" and "Flex Your Head" - an entertaining and useful disk.

While pretty much skirting the NY/NJ hardcore scene that revolves around A7 and the CBGB matinees, the Dirt compilation gives eight bands - most of them more "punk rock" than hardcore, actually - two cuts apiece to hawk their wares. And every band manages at least one song worth hearing.

There's the wiseass humor of New Brunswick's TMA (who sing "I need you about as much as I need Herpes II," a love song for our times, fer sure). The psychobilly Mad Daddy's sound recalls the New York Dolls, while Stetz and 13-Day Vacation bash out bratty thrash-rock anthems like "East Coast Slammers" and "She Fux For Drugs." And Genocide provides a lesson in how to turn razor-edged heavy-metal guitar heroics into high-speed proto-hardcore. Remember power-pop? This is power-punk.

Continued on page 13



TMA

Like most of the bands on the Dirt compilation lp Hardcore Takes Over, TMA doesn't look or sound like your average bunch of punks.

For one thing, everyone in the band works full-time, and that, according to lead singer David, keeps the group on a short tether. A late-July CBGB matinee was the band's first NYC appearance.

"It's really hard for us to play out and travel because we all work," explained David. "We play New Brunswick a lot, because that's home, but even there it takes an awful lot for us to get it together to play out."

Besides David, TMA consists of Al, the husky, mustached drummer; Tom on bass; and guitarist Mike, who goes under the name "Wattage" when he plays with another Jersey h-c band, Genocide, who also appear on the Dirt comp.

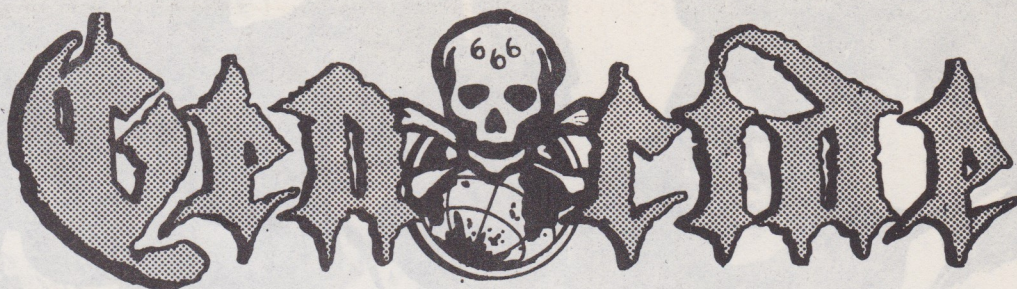
TMA began as a trio - Mike, Tom, and Al - and on about half of the band's current set, these three take charge; the songs here, with Mike or Tom singing lead, have a heavy-metal punch to them, and the band overall has a harder, more bottom-heavy sound than you hear on the two cuts on Hardcore Takes Over. It's David who makes TMA a "hardcore" band. When he's out front singing lead, the band turns into a different group - faster, angrier, louder. David grimaces, screams, contorts in mock rage and frenzy... In short, he provides the histrionics, the image, that lets TMA live up to its hardcore billing. Without David, they're a solid punk band that could easily play to a heavy-metal crowd.

At CBGB on July 16th, the band ripped through a sweat-drenched set, unmindful of the small crowd ("it's a matinee, what can you expect?" asked David philosophically). They kicked off with "I'm In Love With Nancy Reagan," from the Dirt lp, sounding a lot harder and heavier. David, his blond crewcut making him look like one of the Hardy Boys, bellowed out the humorous lyrics with such force that the image of a wiseass party band - which you'd get from the two witty tracks on the Dirt lp - was quickly erased. Mike, with a bandana wrapped around his head for a tough biker look, hits mean lead solos - short but searing - when he isn't pounding out power chords. Tom's bass provides a throbbing bottom, and Al, like most h-c drummers, lends virtuoso support in the rhythm dept.

Besides the obvious change of pace - TMA doesn't thrash through its whole set, and the band members don't all shave their heads and wear ratty flannel shirts, thank the Lord - TMA's strong points stem from solid musicianship and some powerfully tuneful songs in a thundering metal/punk style. They're funny, they're fast, and their songs are strong enough to hold up on vinyl. Besides the Dirt lp, TMA will be represented on a forthcoming hardcore compilation called "Armpit Of America," being put together by Jim Reynolds (of NYC's Jimboco Records).

- Jim Testa

Talking with...



"We're too heavy-metal for the punks and hardcores, and we're too punk and hardcore for the heavy-metallers. "We're the band without a country," says Bobby Ebz, the lead singer of NJ's grodiest hardcore band, Genocide.

The band's current lineup (different from the photo below, which shows the Genocide who recorded 2 tracks for "Hardcore Takes Over") is Ebz on vocals and Damage on drums, the last two original members; Rock N Roll Bobby on bass; and Pete on guitar. "The reason you don't see us play out too much is that we don't rehearse much and we have a lot of people come & go," says Ebz. Adds Damage: "People think we don't play New York. Hell, we've played New York. It's just hard to find steady people; this is the first time in a while, so now we're playing a lot."

Indeed they are, America, so watch out: Genocide is coming to your town, careening across Amerocka even as you read this en route to California, where they'll be gigging throughout August. What a lovely surprise those laidback Angelenos have coming their way!

Genocide represents everything about rock n roll that parents hate: they're loud, vulgar, brash, weird-looking rock and roll animals who work hard at being disreputable. Ebz likes to brag about his refusal to hold a steady job or pay rent, and revels in the band's repertoire of show-stopping slob anthems like "Give Me A Blowjob" and "I Wanna Fuck Teenage Girls." "People call us sexist because of those songs," retorts Ebz. "But any grownup male who doesn't want to fuck teenage girls or get a blowjob isn't normal." "Besides," adds Damage, "any song by Journey or Triumph is about the same things, they just disguise it."

Continued on Page 14



Photo by Cathy Miller

WARD

8

...autonomous

anonymity

by Jim Testa

About 5 years ago, when Jersey first began feeling the aftershock of the '76 punk-rock cycle, Aldo's Hideaway in Lyndhurst emerged as a place where music-minded kids could hang out, make friends...start bands. The Phosphores came out of that scene, as did Autonomy, an interestingly offbeat punk band whose single release, "This Is Your Steamy Life"/"The Tropics," provided an early - perhaps too early - taste of electropop.

Autonomy dumped its lead singer and temporarily disbanded, but the group - Mykel (lead guitar), Robert Messing (bass), Bob Perry (rhythm guitar), and Stanley Demeski (drums) - reformed as Ward 8 when they found vocalist Joseph Michaels. Where Autonomy might have been ahead of its time, though, Ward 8 is strictly Now.

If anything, Ward 8 may fit today's vogue too closely, because at a recent gig at Maxwell's, the band's 12 originals had too many in the crowd playing, "Who does this one sound like?" It's not that Ward 8 imitates other bands; but the band's sound has so much in common with so many nouveau groups that comparisons become inevitable. There are echoes of the Bunnymen, murmurs of R.E.M., dreamlike melodies that suggest the Psychedelic Furs... And need we add a touch of the Velvet Underground?

The copped riffs and subtle parallels arise from the fact that Ward 8, like those others bands, is rediscovering a half-remembered notion of '60's psychedelia. Layers of rhythm guitars weave a deeply textured wall of sound, the treble bass is mixed up high, and Demeski's staccato drumming gives the sinuous melodies a new-wave drive. Joseph Michaels, the baby-faced, pouting frontman, croons like a lot of other new-wave (or is it new romantic?) smoothies, especially Modern English's Robbie Grey. Ward 8's signature strengths lie in Mykel's wide-ranging guitar leads (also the focal point of Autonomy's live sets, as I recall) and Messing's bass which - like Rob Norris' of the Bongos - provides more in counter-melody than bottom. That leaves the beat in the hands of Stanley Demeski, who should be able to handle it: he also drums for the Phosphores, the Feelies, Yung Wu, the Tryptes, and the Willies.

On the band's 3-song demo tape, produced with help from Rob Norris, the band has a harder-edged sound; Joseph's voice has a harsher bark to it, the guitars are mixed down and not so thickly textured, and Messing's bass has a throbbing urgency; the whole effect comes closer to the avant-metal of the band's Lyndhurst buddies, the Phosphores, than the Echo & the Bunnymen silky pop the band presented live.

The band affects a grubby, streetworn look on stage: gabardine shirts, old slacks, a laidback stage presence. If the band were all glittery pretty boys, they'd be hard to take, but cut in the mold of the new-pop bands hereabouts, Ward 8 is an effective study in contrasts and styles, a good listen.

RONNIE AND THE JITTERS

They hail from Union County and have been around about 4 years, slowly building up a fandom from D.C. to Boston. Their first and heretofore only vinyl, "Wild Weekend"/Black Slacks," was released in 1979. After a great deal of research into rockabilly past & present, the band formed Rebel Riot Records to put out music they definitely dig.

Everything about the band's new 7-song, 12" lp, Roll Over, has that good old-fashioned spirit of rock n roll: 50's on one level, 60's on another. From the sly-looking doll on the sleeve to the stark, throttling production, it all fits. For a change, the musicianship here is the strongest element - often gripping, always danceable, direct!

"Roll Over Richard" really rocks; the production reminds me of Roy Wood, no small feat. Great screaming sax and Jerry Lee piano. "Take Me In Your Arms" is a rockabilly anthem, the rhythm team taking charge - full tilt, very convincing, definite radio possibilities.

They're having a party on "Crazy Place," a Stones-type boogie with a singalong "I gotta go!" chorus and two wailing guitars.

My only qualm here is the sound of "Killer" Keller's sax, so hot live, here sounding all too much like Clarence Clemens. With everything else fitting so nicely into place, I wonder if there's any reason behind... No big deal, this is a great partyin' record, so buy it and dance away!

ROLL OVER
Ronnie & the Jitters
Rebel Riot Records/70
New York, NY



THE SMITHEREENS

Beauty and

"Beauty & Sadness"/The Smithereens
Little Ricky Records/1133 B'way, NYC

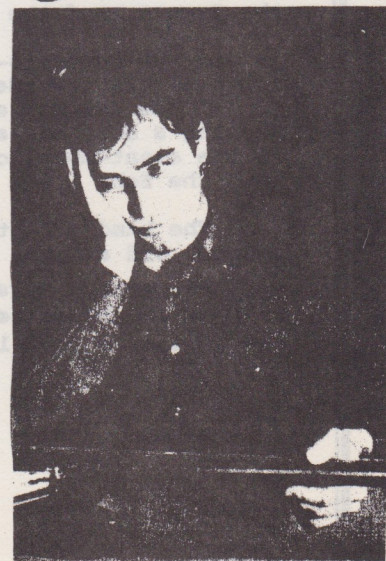
"Beauty & Sadness," a 5-song, 12-incher from the Smithereens, captures all of the band's signature 60's-isms with a light touch - the Beatlesque guitar riffs, the twangy mix, a sockhop dance beat.

The disk kicks off with "Tracey's World," a vintage teen lament rescued from campiness by Pat DiNizio's straightahead vocals and Lennonesque harmonic solo. "Much Too Much" is fluffy retro-rockabilly, in the same league as Jersey's quiff-topped heroes, the Whyos.

Side 2 boasts two versions of the title track, a simple but pretty ballad. The second take is an instrumental mix that doesn't make much sense; usually, dub mixes are for danceclub deejays, but this isn't a dancey track.

Credit ex-NY Rocker honcho Alan Betrock for a tasteful and restrained touch at the production board: the Smithereens' 60-ish pop works because of its heartfelt simplicity, and that shows on this record. Jim Babjak doesn't play those Harrison riffs like a kid

Sadness



surf 's up

by marc rivers

Hope everybody's enjoying their summer...As we go to press, summer's half over so we'll try to fill you in as much as possible on what's been going down around here... First thing to mention is the breakup of Sonny Kenn's band, the Wild Ideas...But Kenn is working on a new outfit to be heard from soon, so Sonny fans, don't fret... Next in line is a short review of the George Theiss Band...I've caught Theiss down at Mrs. (yawn) Jay's a few times down here in Asbury Park, ol' George has been around a while and unfortunately for him has that Springsteen tag, which is a gift (or a burden) that he'll probably carry around for life...Theiss and his Cruisers are worth catching a few times, or you can look for their indie single, "What's Inside"...or just see him hanging out at Mrs. Jay's...Speaking of that Asbury club, it's not a bad place to hang out and drink cheap beer and catch an occasional good band...With the exception of a few bikers thrashing it out now & then this place can actually be fun, but Mrs. Jay's could use some management with a little imagination and some taste - why someone would keep on bringing back some of the worst cover bands in the area is beyond me...You'd think with this great location and some terrific local original bands dying for work, they could do better...It's all a matter of \$\$\$, I guess...Well, maybe next year... Fast Lane and Big Man's West, we miss you...

And yeah, I blew \$12 for Dave Edmunds/Marshall Crenshaw at Convention Hall...Now the bands were very good but the sound in that place has got to go!...(John Scher, call yr service - Ed.)...Edmunds was hot, as usual...I've also dropped by the Stone Pony a few times to catch the Dimonds, one of the newer good original/covers bands around, with members from the Cats and the Front Men, namely Harry & Joel...These guys are ok as people and performers and don't be surprised to see The Boss up there on stage with them, or the horns from the Disciples Of Soul...(Mr. S. also showed up recently to jam with some cover band at a place called Headliners, in Avon - Ed.)...Billy Chinnock is back around for a few hot dates, don't miss him - he's been overlooked for too long... Ex-Hot Romance-r Billy Hector's new combo is the Renegade Blues Band, no doubt one of the hottest blues bands on the East Coast right now...Room Service features GiGi Lerner, an old bandmate of mine from the days of the Nice Licks Band...Now GiGi's got an original act that's turning some heads, with a well-received indie 45, "Red Light"...You can find the 45 at Music Den and Jack's in Red Bank, and I'm sure other shore-area record stores... As for Springsteen, I hear he's been doing a lot of fishing lately as well as working on a lp, and he's been jamming with the Cats at the Pony (Ed. - For you non-Shore types, I think this means that Springsteen plays on stage with Cats On A Smooth Surface at the Stone Pony in Asbury Park)...That's all for this time - get in touch if you have any hot news on the Jersey shore scene, have a great summer full of good memories and good music, and we'll see you at the beach...

SMITHEREENS

hearing for the first time, but he's a long way from the ennui of the pit musician going through the motions for the 1015th performance of Beatlemania. Rather, these guys play '60's music because that's the way they want their music to sound: It's not revivalism and it's not clone-rock, just...well, good taste.

Which is, as we all know, timeless.

- Jim Testa

**Mod
Fun**



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RECORD NEWZ: Summer's supposed to be slow in the disk biz, but look what's coming in the next few weeks: the Bongos' RCA debut, a 5-song 12" e.p., should be out August 15th, last we hear...ex-Raybeat Danny Amis will be releasing a similar 12-incher on Steve (Maxwell's) Fallon's Coyote Records entitled "Whiplash;" it'll be all-instrumental tracks Amis recorded shortly after leaving the Raybeats, with ex-Phosphene Walter Grater on percussion (and speaking of Danny, it looks like he's finally found a drummer for his nascent garage-rock combo, the Malkotians)...the Dancing Hoods from NYC will be releasing an indie e.p. soon, produced by Individual Glenn Morrow...the Groceries from Princeton, NJ, have just put the finishing touches on a new e.p.; figure next fall for a release date...Rebel Riot Records will be putting out a 7" from Louie Louie - they've got a great buzz going for their live gigs...ROIR will be releasing the Trouser Press "American Underground," a compilation cassette featuring, among others, NJ's own Chris Moffa & the Competition...Regressive Aid has an lp in the can, probably to be released as an indie soon also...

HARDCORE TAKES OVER: Well...not quite, but the Brighton Bar in Long Branch has been booking Hardcore Mondays, Patrix in New Brunswick has "Dreaded Wednesdays," the venerable Showplace in Dover has had a couple of hardcore showcase gigs on Friday nights... Looks like the long drought for live hardcore venues in Jersey is ending...

FEELIEING AROUND: Looks like the Feelies reunion we trumpeted last ish has shortcircuited temporarily; we hear the band has a stiff asking price to tour so invitations for out-of-town gigs have been few and far between...Meanwhile, spinoffs from the Haledon heartbreakers continue to make plans - the Trypes will definitely be recording something shortly, and Yung Wu may be going into the studio (possibly with Bongo Rich Barone producing and Feelie Keith DeNunzio on bass) as well...

TV OR NOT TV: The Bouncing Balls' self-produced video was aired by MTV and WTBS's weekend videorama on the July 4th weekend, but you probably won't be seeing the \$23,000 video Portrait paid for to promote local electropop hopefuls the Hawaiian Pups - seems the resulting vid failed to live up to the band's expectations, reports Pup John Klett...

READING MATTERS: A new arrival on the 'zine scene is Rock News, edited and published by Linda Beiler, available for a SASE from P.O. Box 202, Union, NJ 07083...the July ish has an interview with Mod Fun's Mick London (our August pin-up!), record and live reviews, and a club phone directory...The Link is edited by Annene Kaye and a bunch of ex-NY Rocker folk, we hear, and available from 5 Crosby Street, NYC...

MAILBAG: We received a miffed note from the Catholic Girls objecting to our comments in this space about the 'Girls' backstage demeanor in Washington, D.C. ... Along with the letter came a stack of rave reviews from the band's recent loooong tour, so it looks like the Belleville belles are a hit on the road...

reggae

EXODUS RISING

by Donald Zane Goodman

There are two common misconceptions about reggae music: Number one, it's hard to listen to; and number two, all good reggae comes from Jamaica. Exodus Supreme is a Paterson-based group of transplanted Jamaican Rastafarians who obliterate those notions. I caught them at Negril, the Manhattan club, in mid-May.

Influenced by artists as revered as Bob Marley, Steel Pulse, Ras Michael, and the Sons of Negus, as obscure as Culture and Yabby, and as widely accepted as Michael Jackson, Exodus Supreme is a reggae band to be reckoned with. Formed in 1977, the group consists of Messirai Brown (drums), Ricky Simpson (horns), Rashidi Williams (keyboards), Alvin Jacobs (lead guitar), Mikey Nichols (rhythm guitar), and Selah Jendayi (bass).

Mike Nichols is firmly convinced Exodus Supreme will make it big; he believes commercialized reggae music will prove to be a passing fad and true reggae will win mass acceptance. "The foundation upon which reggae was formed will emerge," he asserts. Selah Jendayi adds that he's certain roots reggae artists like Exodus Supreme will one day, "Go international!"

At Negril, Exodus Supreme displayed an animated presence on stage which complemented the energy of their original compositions. During "Reggae Tell Di World," Simpson's horns flashing and skanking, coupled with Nichols' duck-and-bob guitar playing, contrasted effectively against Jendayi's riveting alto vocals, captivating bass chords, and almost motionless upright posture. It was a sight to behold, more effective than any laser concert I ever attended at Madison Square Garden.

Look out for this band! Their fan club address is 494 Park Avenue, Paterson, New Jersey. A tour of England is in the planning stages. So take a tip and try to catch this band while they're still gigging at home. Hearing and seeing Exodus Supreme will be like finding a golden needle in a haystack.



STAR SHINE

by Pattie Kleinke

The Stars That Wouldn't Shine/mini-lp
Adi Records/Box 2197, Kingston, NY 12401

Good reviews seem somehow harder to write than slag-offs, probably 'cos there're only so many words you can use without getting slobbery, so here's my quota: This mini-lp (and it actually runs longer than a lot of lps) is wonderful, delightful, has a great beat, and it isn't synthetic disco or arena-rock!!

The Stars, a 4-piece from NYC's Lower East Side, sound like they were born & bred on London's East Side. You can't confuse this with Britpop, though, except maybe Madness or the Furs, 'cos it's got energy. Remember energy? Sure they use synths, but they also play...guitars!! And have...imagination! Quite unlike Spandau 100. These 8 tunes all had me hopping - they're ska flavored with Fur-ish (furry?) vocals. When will these guys start playing out around here???

Whiter Shade of Grey

if you really love me...you'll kill yourself
D.P. & the Greys/Grey Boy Records
146 Commercial Ave. New Brunswick, NJ 08901

Despite the buzz on D.P. & the Greys - a New Brunswick horn band - as a hot live act, this debut 7-song lp falls flat on every cut. Seems they call this band the Greys because they're white boys playing black musical idioms; too bad they play them all so badly: the "Bo Diddely" beat, reggae, bebop, soul, hiphop rap... D.P. mangles them all. Song titles like "I Like Snow With My Cadillac" and the eponymous title track promise a wittiness that never appears, and the horn charts do little to animate tracks that are, for the most part, leaden and affected. Give the blame to Dani Petroni, who wrote, composed, arranged, and produced this maiden effort. Maybe he should think about finding a collaborator - especially in the lyric department. The love songs here are merely dull, but the two politically-oriented numbers - "Bombs," an anti-nuke rap, and "Loneliness," which somehow connects Reagan to social ennui - are downright dumb. And for a 7-song, 30 minute record, \$6 seems a bit pricey.

- Jim Testa

Rx: Listen to the Dr.

"I Don't Want To Go Back"/"Falling"
Riff Doctors/Coyote Records
P.O. Box 112 Uptown, Hoboken, NJ 07030

Coyote Records, the Hoboken-based label run by Steve (Maxwell's) Fallon and Bill (Pier Platters) Ryan, does it again with this engaging pop 45 from Frank Bednash's Riff Doctors. The A-side, with its effervescent acoustic guitar intro and bright melody, recalls those folk/rock power-poppers like the Records and the revived Searchers, while the Beatlesque ballad on side 2 provides a taste of (rubber) soulfulness. A happy, danceable, catchy gem, this 45 should put Bednash and his Riff Doctors into the forefront of the Hoboken new-pop scene. Available at Pier Platters Records, on Newark Street in Hoboken, just a stone's throw from the Clam Broth House.

- J.T.



FRANK
BEDNASH



RECORDS

Hardcore

From pg 4

This is a low-budget affair; the lp was recorded "live" on the Dirt Club stage, without a studio environment or any niceties like redubbed vocals. The result is a very muddy mix. Mourning Noise, whose booming post-punk bravado needs a "big," epic sound to come across, suffers most; as do all the drummers, whose playing is often reduced to the tinny clackety-clack of typewriters.

But compared to the sound on most h-c compilations (or even many studio-produced hardcore e.p.'s and 45's), "Hardcore Takes Over" doesn't sound bad at all. And because these bands go for the tuneful jugular, without devolving into the usual dissonant sonic mud-slide of thrash, these 16 songs project an identity, fulfilling the promise of the compilation:

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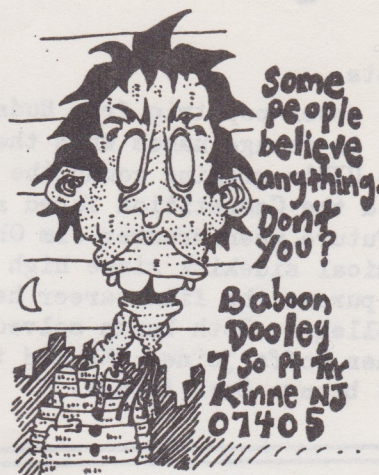
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Mod Fun



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CHRIS MOFFA AND THE COMPETITION PLACES TO LIVE

Chris Moffa and the Competition is a New Jersey-based trio that plays intense dance rock... the music just keeps moving. This four-cut EP sets up the groove; then it goes for the throat. The Joe Jackson type ballad is impressive as well. Billboard

On the strength of this EP and their explosive live performance, Chris Moffa and the Competition have toured to Atlanta & Athens, GA; Columbia, SC; Raleigh & Charlotte, NC; Richmond, VA; Washington, DC; Baltimore, MD; Philadelphia, PA; Boston, MA; Providence, RI; New Haven, CT; Rochester, Syracuse, and Albany, NY. The band that Jersey Beat once called "one of the hottest bands in NYC or NJ" is now one of the hottest bands on the East Coast. See them soon. They won't be here much longer.

UXB + chris moffa =

SOUL ATTACK!

by Jim Testa

UXB, the power-pop trio from Hudson County, had to change names when they found other UXB's gigging round the country. Chris Moffa & the Competition faced an uncertain future when drummer Jim Ohm, Moffa's musical sidekick since high school, decided to pursue the film career he had begun in college. Both bands solved their problems when Moffa joined UXB and the new quartet became Soul Attack.

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The new lineup doesn't look much like a hardcore band - Bobby has a Van Halen shag, Pete's a dead ringer for Johnny Ramone, and Damage has a Mohawk quiff - but they play hardcore gigs because that's the only place they can get gigs. For a band with such a "don't give a fuck" attitude, they're surprisingly careerist.

"We're not a fad band, we've been around for a few years and we hope to be around a few more," states Ebz. "A lot of these bands today, they yell 'Anarchy' and they talk about the scene, but as soon as they graduate high school or college, or their folks kick them out of the house, you know they're gonna disappear. I used to feel bad I was 23, but now I figure at least I'm 23 and I'm still here. Where are all these kids gonna be when they're 23?"

"We wanna play Madison Square Garden, we wanna go all the way," says Damage. "In ten years, we're going to be living in a castle in Spain shooting smack with Keith."

It goes without saying that guys this cool are a great live band.

They'll be playing out a lot throughout August (with a date at Maxwell's the 20th). The new band features old favorites from both former groups with a heavy serving of brand-new material that emphasizes the "soul attack" reflected in the new moniker. Generally, Chris Moffa compositions like "State of Mind" and "Lunatics, Losers, & Liars" are holding up better, losing none of their punk energy and benefitting from the fine musical chops of the UXBers - Ernie Mendillo (bass), Alan Katz (drums), and Ed Rupprecht (drums). UXB's material relied heavily on Rupprecht's bag-of-tricks guitarwork, though - with his array of phasers, filters, phlanges, and fuzztones, Rupprecht could approximate any number of key '60's sounds, from treble folk/rock to garage-punk. Moffa's guitar has but two settings - louder and faster - and that hurts some of the lighter UXB numbers like "Going Nowhere Fast;" that tune used to be as airy as the Turtles, now it's a bit heavy-handed.

Given time, the band will surely work those problems out, and the new material (as well as some old stuff, re-arranged) geared for the band's new soul sound is super. Just think soul in terms of early Motown, Stax/Volt r&b, Gary U.S. Bonds... the way the Jam used to call themselves a "soul" band, or closer to home, the Nitecaps. In fact, if they continue to develop along the lines they displayed at Court Tavern in New Brunswick, where I saw them, Soul Attack could be Jersey's first contender to duke it out with the L.A. and Boston psyche-punk revival bands: Garage-band rock and roll with a 60's soulfulness and an '80's kick.

More importantly, the new team complements one another's strong and weak points: UXB always needed a bona fide frontman, someone to give the band an identity and personality on stage; in Moffa, they've got one of the strongest in the state. And Moffa gains the range and depth of Ed Rupprecht's multi-faceted guitar, as well as a first-rate rhythm section in Katz and Mendillo. Not to mention the fact that all four guys have proven to be fine songwriters. And we all get to dance to a potentially great new rock n roll band.

Sounds like a pretty good deal all around to me.



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